

# RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MARCH, 1949

No. 4.

## China Can Fall Without Breaking

By Lee O'Brien

As the Red army moves steadily southward through China there is a general chorus of alarm from the press and newscasts. Here and there, however, a voice is raised to remind us that the Chinese have, time after time, defeated physical and ideological invasion by absorbing the armies and digesting the philosophies of the invaders.

A message from China recently received at Madonna House indicates that Chinese Cooperative leaders believe that the Chinese culture will ultimately defeat the Red Poison.

The letter, from Chang Fu-Liang, General Secretary of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, breathes the spirit of confidence in the Chinese Worker, and in the small but growing cooperatives that they have built with great labor and protected through the years of the Japanese invasion, and civil war.

"No doubt," it reads, in part, "you are concerned over the present situation in China. It is like a brush fire sweeping over certain parts of our country. While it lasts, life and property are being destroyed and everything worthwhile seems at a standstill. Nevertheless, grass roots underneath are not dead, life still lies dormant. In the course of time rain will fall and new life will push its head up again. A new crop will come forth."

### In War's Path

Most of the Chinese cooperatives are of the producer type, small groups of farmers or workers banded together to produce and market goods needed in China and elsewhere. The Chinese call them "industries" or "industrial cooperatives." Chang's letter gives an inspiring account of their progress in the midst of conditions.

"In some parts of China, less affected by the civil war, the population is increasing because of the influx of refugees. With their coming, small scale decentralized industries have shown signs of vigor and new life. A number of them have sprung up and are flourishing. Several of our industrial cooperatives have reported increased production, enlarged membership and better prospects. In Hunan province in Central China, our cooperatives at Shaoyang are making rapid headway. Two leather cooperatives have merged into one with a membership larger than both had together, making new and better products with a greater efficiency. The five weaving cooperatives are using a

new loom discovered by our engineer, which, being lighter and easier to operate, both increases production, and cuts costs."

### An Amazing Story

It is encouraging to learn from Chang that UNRRA help enabled the Chinese to organize many cooperatives that in turn permitted their members to become self-supporting, and raised the standard of living in the communities in which they were located. In view of China's poverty, lack of natural resources, low general educational level and unfamiliarity with democratic political techniques, their story of cooperative progress is amazing. We of the West, whom God has richly blessed with so many things the Chinese lack, should learn to value and preserve that which He has given us.

In spite of the war and the terrific inflation, the Chinese look forward with hopeful eyes to "The Peace of Christ."

"As the fighting spreads to areas where our cooperatives are located the members are simply digging in. The common man of China is endowed with nature's gifts of thrift and industry, and asks only for a chance to live and let live. Today, in the midst of destruction, peace and family life, a full rice bowl, and equal opportunities for work and education sound like a far off dream! But to realize this dream we must push on in spite of war and inflation."

### The Christmas Dream

"At the first Christmas season, 1949 years ago, when the lot of the common man was much worse than today, and the conscience of men was even blacker than now, out of that little Asia Minor town, Bethlehem, a vision, a dream was given to mankind: Peace on Earth, Goodwill among Men. You, my dear friend, and many other men and women of goodwill, are the divine implementation of the Christmas dream."

May God bless the Chinese and protect them from the Red Scourge; may they come to know Him and His peace!



## To Be What We Should Be That Is Real Penance

By Rev. V. N. Faust

The Church has put on sackcloth and ashes. She has dropped the Alleluia, the Gloria in Excelsis Deo, music, flowers. All is somber. And our own lives should be that too.



In the seminary we had a spiritual director who insisted that Christ never smiled, and he never smiled himself. I can't agree with that; but I know our lives are not supposed to be giddy. Our Lord is, indeed, our Model, but He is, primarily, a suffering model. He Himself, and St. Paul, teach that we must become like to Him.

If His glory is that He became obedient even to the death of the cross, that He went down into the Valley of Tears, then we must glory in nothing but in Jesus Christ and Him crucified. We must go down into the Valley of Tears. It is only in suffering that we shall become like to our suffering Model. We must be scourged and spit upon because He was scourged and spit upon. We must carry a cross because He carried a cross. We must die because He died. This is our likeness to Him.

### What Is Your Penance?

We shall find that likeness most easily by trying to be what we are supposed to be. Many people do penance, but it is a self-appointed penance, and hence no penance at all. What is it for the one who seldom goes to a movie to make staying away from the movies his penance? Real penance is done in trying to be what we should be.

We must be people of faith. It is hard to be that. We must be people of hope and charity. That is real penance. So there is your guide—the ideal of Christianity which the Master has set before us. We must perform the penance entailed in reaching the ideal, or no penance is of any avail.

And, what most people, including us, are unaware of, is the indwelling of Christ. (Continued on Page Three)

## Laity Forgives Weak Simon; Cannot Stand Weak Peter

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Seminarian,

We have discussed many things you and I, friend. But there are so many yet we have to touch upon. For judging from the letters that keep coming to me from you, your desire to know the ways and means through which you can help us—the laity—to restore the world in Christ, is infinite.

I am glad of it. Because, indeed, ours are strange and challenging times when the fight for truth recruits, perforce, everyone belonging to the side of Truth, into Christ's Army, of which you are the leaders. So it is not to be really wondered at, that while you are preparing for that unique and holy leadership, you want to get information, even from such as I, an insignificant member of that great army, simply because if I know anything, it is the mind of those "masses" we must restore to and in Christ.

So today, I want to talk to you about Communism. Did you ever ask yourself why any normal American or Canadian should become a Communist? Why are there so many of them who, though they do not join the Party, follow its orbit, like lesser stars follow the sun?

### Mea Maxima Culpa

Would it surprise you very much if I told you, that when I meet such people, I feel like going on my knees, and, with my face in the dust, beat my breast many times, repeating: "MEA CULPA, MEA MAXIMA CULPA.—BROTHER FORGIVE ME, FOR YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY (AND YOUR SOUL) BECAUSE I, LIKE THE FOOLISH VIRGINS OF THE GOSPEL, FORGOT THE OIL FOR THE LAMP THAT SHOULD HAVE LIGHTED YOUR PATH. FOR I, A CATHOLIC, DO HOLD IN MY SINFUL HANDS THE FULLNESS OF TRUTH THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A LAMP TO YOUR FEET. NOR DID I WASH THE GRIME OFF THE WINDOWS OF MY SOUL, SO THAT, WHILE PASSING ME BY, YOU COULD HAVE CAUGHT THROUGH THEM THE SIGHT OF CHRIST'S BEAUTIFUL COUNTENANCE. MEA MAXIMA CULPA INDEED, BROTHER."

Yes, dear friend, you and I should indeed examine our consciences, individually and collectively... for alas Communists are not born... they are made BY HYPOCRITICAL CHRISTIANS, CATHOLICS INCLUDED, WHO RENDER TO CHRIST LIP SERVICE ONLY.

A frightening thought? Indeed it is. Because you see, it is true. Never before in the history of mankind did humanity seek the truth so ardently, as it does do now. Living as we do between the shadow of atomic warfare, and the ever increasing and darkening shadow of Communism, we begin to realize that NOT BY BREAD ALONE SHALL MAN LIVE... and many have understood, in the grim reality of living, the truth of Thomas A Kempis' thesis, THAT ALL IS VANITY... THAT IS NOT GOD.

### Millions to Answer

And so millions have arisen in search of answers, in search of truth, in search of God. And here is where you and I come in. Have we given these multitudes, the Bread of Life, the Living Waters of Truth? Have we? Or have we given them a stone, and thus become guilty of one of the greatest sins—that of killing HOPE? Men without hope are empty men. Nature, both natural and supernatural, abhors a vacuum. If this emptiness is not filled with truth, what will it be filled with? I leave it to you to answer, for you and I know that forever the Mystery of iniquity lays in wait for just such as them.

You worry much about giving scandal. And so you should. For you are SET APART! One of us, in your humanity, yet one so far above us when you will be a priest! But this is the acceptable time to review what it is that gives scandal to the Little Ones in Christ. Especially those that will so soon (after your Ordination) become your greatest concern... the lost ones.

True, you have also to think of the just, that still are in the fold... but don't forget that (it goes with being lost) the sheep does NOT SEEK THE SHEPHERD.

### Not Your Weakness

Strange as this will seem to you, the main points of SCANDAL are not the ones that naturally you would call to mind, when analysing this point. The masses are NOT scandalized because of the weaknesses of the Simon in you. For these they have only pity and understanding. They will feel sorry for you, deeply so. They will feel sorry for Christ, for the sins of His chosen ones hurt Him so much more deeply. Yet they will in their own humanity understand your weaknesses... and pray for you much and warmly.

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

To us who live in time, days succeed days with an ever increasing swiftness. Where do they go? Whence do they come? Who can tell? For they are more than just little spaces of time, measured by the revolutions of earth, moon and stars. All of us sense this . . . all of us wonder . . . And as more and more days are added to our lives . . . more of us fear their passing. For their song is of the eternity we came from, and the eternity we shall return to.

How simple and natural they would become if we accepted them for what they are . . . messengers, guides . . . of Faith, Hope and Love . . . on swift steeds that bear us from the bosom of God's creation to His heart burning with charity for us.

How joyous they would be, those fleeting days, if we framed them between two Masses. How holy they would become, rooted in God. Our Faith, our Hope, and our Love could change them into the golden steps of a stairway leading straight to God. But perverse creatures that we are, we keep on fearing, wondering, bemoaning their passage.

Yet God gives us the secret of days, the secret of life itself in His third Commandment . . . "REMEMBER, KEEY HOLY THE SABBATH DAY" . . . One out of seven must belong to Him. Our passport to life everlasting. ONE OUT OF SEVEN. How gentle, how good, how kind God is! Giving this chance to us to pause and remember that we were created . . . TO LOVE, WORSHIP, AND SERVE HIM.

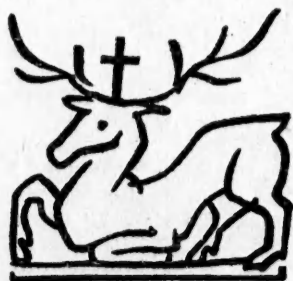
So little to give . . . ONE DAY OUT OF SEVEN. So much to gain by giving it! Let us give it fully, completely, utterly. Let us refrain from SERVILE WORKS . . . of which the first is SIN. Yes, sin is a servile work, for . . . "WHOSOEVER COMMITTED SIN IS A SERVANT OF SIN" . . . (John 8:34). The least we can do on God's Day, is to refrain from sin.

And let us abstain from servile work for gain! We have six other days to buy and sell in. Why profane the seventh, the one the Lord asks for Himself, unless our "buying and selling" is of such a nature that it belongs to God and our neighbor. Let us be done with it for love of Him who gave His life for love of us.

How pitiful would be our Sunday "offering" if we gave God only the negative aspects of our lives on that day. We who have so much more to give! Let us be generous . . . let us go all-out to show our Creator and Redeemer, that we do indeed love Him, with all our hearts, minds, souls, and bodies. Let us give up the Sabbath to His praise and glorification, to the worship of Him and the adoration of Him. And since it is hard for us "to love Him whom we do not see" . . . let us express our love for Him "through those we can see . . . OUR NEIGHBORS." Let us fill our Sabbaths with Mercy, and Pity, and Good Works . . . which are but the attendants of Charity whose other name is Love.

Then indeed shall our Sabbath Day be kept Holy. Then indeed it shall be all His. And it may come to pass that we will carry over that love, that "belonging" to God, into our week days . . . and live these constantly.

IF WE DO . . . WE SHALL LOSE ALL FEAR OF TIME. AND ITS WORDS, THAT ARE DAYS TO US . . . WILL ONLY BE WORDS OF FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. THEN, WHEN OUR LAST DAY COMES, WE SHALL GIVE BACK FAITH AND HOPE TO TIME. AND WE SHALL ENTER THE KINGDOM OF LOVE WITH A HEART FULL OF LOVE.



## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

They tell a story in New York that may or may not be true. It is frequently told with a "b'gorra" or a "b'jabers"; but the brogue isn't at all essential to it. Maybe you've heard it—the one about the Episcopal minister in one of those Catholic book shops in Barclay street. Yes? Well anyway . . .

But maybe your little cousin hasn't heard it. It seems there was an elderly Episcopal minister looking at the literature in one of those Catholic book shops in Barclay St., New York. A nice old fellow with something of a sense of humor. There are plenty of ministers like that, of course, and it isn't unusual at all to find them looking at Catholic book displays.

Well, this old chap saw a book he wanted to buy; and as the clerk, a bald little Irishman, by the way, was wrapping the purchase, the minister said—no doubt with a merry twinkle in his eye—(In stories like this there is always that twinkle. Probably in the right, or good, eye.)

Twinkle Twinkle Little Eye

"I notice," he said, "that when you Catholics want the life of a saint written well, you get an Anglican writer to do the job."

To this the little Irish clerk—probably with a twinkle in his left, or malicious eye—answered, "like the crack of a whip . . ."

"And I notice that when you Anglicans want to read the life of a saint, you have to pick out a Catholic saint, or none at all."

(You see the story can be told without even a "Shure and Oi notice".)

The story—as all such stories do—goes on to say that the minister lost his twinkle, and that after a period of reflection, say a year or two, he came to the conclusion that he himself could not become a saint unless he turned Catholic. So today he is a Catholic priest.

A Catholic story, you understand, always ends with the words, "so the guy not only became a Catholic; he also became a priest."

No Blood. Book Dies

I use the yarn here only as a prelude to a review of V. Sackville-West's book, "Saint Joan of Arc." This unfortunate portrayal of a saint died a natural death ten years or more ago. I suspect it died of inanition, pernicious anemia, or leukemia. Certainly, if it had any good blood in it, it wasn't the blood of St. Joan. At any rate the book has been resurrected recently—perhaps because of the success of the movie. And, somehow, a copy crept into my presence.

Miss V. Sackville-West is not an Anglican, however, nor is she a Catholic. But she does admit she believes in something—the sort of something that keeps the stars shined at night, and so forth, even if you call it "pure mathematics."

No wonder the book wasn't worth the reading.

Oh, the facts were there. A lot of them. The dates were there. The names were there. The historical incidents were present. Even some of Joan's own words were in the book. But it was still a mess!

You Believe in Ghosts?

The spirit of Joan of Arc escaped the authoress en-

tirely; hence it could not visit the reader. You see, it was a ghost that was the heroine of the book; and not by any means the ghost of a saint.

Miss Sackville-West wrote of Joan with awe, but without the least understanding. She was puzzled by the things Joan did, and by her motives for doing them. She mentioned the miracles attributed to the warrior maid, and expressed chagrin that she could not explain them; not being aware, apparently, that if she could explain them they would not have been miracles.

She did not see that Joan was in love with God, that whatever she did she did through the power of God, and not through any power of her own. She could not understand that Joan gave herself entirely to God, made herself merely the instrument with which God worked; and was content, even to be burned, to live the life ordained by God.



Miss Sackville-West is distressed by the fact that Joan feared the fire, that she wept in horror when she learned the fate that was to be hers. She does not realize, apparently, that saints are just as human as sinners. They feared the lions in the Roman arena. They fear the concentration camp today, and the tortures of Communist "trials." But their love of God is greater than their fear.

Let Us Not Fight

I have no quarrel with Anglicans writing the lives of Catholic saints, nor with Lutherans, Presbyterians, Baptists, or Methodists—providing, of course, that said authors understand the power engendered in a man by his love of God, and by God's love of him.

But I would quarrel with them on another ground if, like Miss Sackville-West, they dilute their English with French phrases. It is all right, I suppose, if you know both languages. But even then, the author should be judicious in his use of the foreign tongue.

Miss Sackville-West does an outrageous thing. She has the grand inquisitor put a hard question to Joan, in English. And she gives you Joan's crushing reply in French! Not once, but several times.

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## The B's Corner

Have just come back from forty days of lecturing. My trip took me, this time, to Pembroke, Ontario, to New York City, to Arlington and Falls Church, Va., to Maryland, to Cincinnati, Chicago and Omaha, to Villanova, Pa., Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Toronto. Some five thousand miles all told.

Many are the impressions I brought back, but none so strong as that of hunger. Yes, HUNGER . . . for truth, for God, for peace and happiness . . . The world indeed is beginning to realize that NOT BY BREAD ALONE DOTH MAN LIVE.

It is as if two mighty armies were confronting one another. The first with their faces upturned to heaven, their hands folded in prayer, stand waiting, listening, praying and hoping.

Two Armies Arrayed

The other side stands facing them . . . their faces, and fists too, raised to heaven but neither hoping, nor praying. Only hating . . . hating and denying God . . . hating man, and the God in him.

Love facing hate, at long last, face to face. All lines clearly drawn, each knowing not only where the other stands, but who the other is.

The battle soon to come, will I know now, be one to a finish. And I for one rejoice, at the two promises made by Christ, which are the foundation stones of our faith. That He would give us His Church which teaches forever infallible truth. His truth. That the gates of hell shall not prevail against Her.

These promises are my courage, and that of the army of love. Hate may drive us into the darkness of the catacombs. Hate may take my life, and that of many others. But hate can neither kill my soul, nor destroy the Church. Love will conquer hate. This I know now after my lecture trip, with my whole heart and soul—which have touched men's most precious possession . . . HUNGER FOR GOD.

And so, I rejoice, even though I foresee that the coming days will bring us, His followers, much pain and suffering; that many of us will have the opportunity to wash off in blood, the stains of our sins of commission and omission. It does not matter too much if, ultimately, we shall, through the grace of God, save our immortal souls, and His Church enters a new reign of peace and happiness.

To Catch a Glimpse

And yet, I pray that this chalice of blood and terror may pass us by; that our uplifted eyes may really catch a glimpse of heaven on earth NOW, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, that our hands, folded in prayer, may learn to unfold themselves in mercy and pity to our brother in need; that our ears, attuned to the voice of God, in this great silence of recollection, may be opened to the cries of distress that can be heard on all sides of us.

For if this happens NOW, then it may come to pass that, instead of a fight to a finish between the armies of light and darkness, our "light," translated in deeds of love, may bring over to us many from the other side . . . FOR LIGHT BANISHES

(Continued on Page Three)

## COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

It sure is grand to get home. Wonderful to see white clean snow again . . . and breathe the invigorating air that is like wine after the close air of the many cities I visited on my forty days lecture tour. But above all it is good indeed to see old friends and note the joyous welcome in their faces. Yes indeed it is good to be HOME again.

While I was away the mail accumulated shamelessly. So if your letters have not been answered, forgive me, but I was not there to answer them. I will now, as fast as I can.

Many a job, too, faces me. But that is Friendship House everywhere. You go away a-lecturing for a while and you come back to a mound of things to be done. Yet much was accomplished while I was away. Peggy Gerth kept everyone well fed and happy, and the pile of mending under her nimble fingers has well-nigh disappeared, so that now we soon will be able to start on the sewing projects that we have been talking so much about. First among these are curtains for the new House. And, by the way, we have a name for it. It will be ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE. Since this, our first House in Combermere, has been called MADONNA HOUSE after our Blessed Mother, it is only right and proper to call the second one after her earthly Spouse. Moreover St. Joseph is the patron Saint of Canada, and will naturally look after us in his fatherly fashion. So St. Joseph's House it is.

Betty Biggers has been busy too. The Home Nursing Class is a huge success. And there was much nursing to do. There always is that. Harriet O'Brien was a God-send to the office, which was months behind. And Lee O'Brien kept, literally, the home fires burning, and the snow paths open, not to mention his helping Father William Dwyer with the local Credit Union. Because he was

so handy with the shovel we have called him our Pathologist — accenting Path. Flewy was in charge, as the senior Staff Worker that she is, and kept the whole works going. Eddie wrote, for his is the writing apostolate of Friendship House.

But now we have to face so many things. First on the list is St. Joseph's House. The things it needs. My, oh my! Here is but a small list of them, our litany of needs, which perhaps you can help us to fill?

Book shelves, kitchen utensils, sheets, pillow cases, pillows, face, hand, and kitchen towels. Chairs, preferably folding ones. Tables, cups, saucers, glasses, tea pots and kettles. Garbage cans, wheelbarrows, garden tools. Kitchen knives. Blankets. A good wood-burning kitchen range. PAINT . . . OUTDOOR . . . WHITE . . . for the outside of the house . . . TWENTY GALLONS . . . It is a large house. Curtain rods. A piano. Friends if you have any of these things, IN THE CHARITY OF CHRIST AND IN THE NAME OF ST. JOSEPH . . . SEND THEM TO US . . . PLEASE.

We have to really get going on this our big project. Peggy is starting a girl guide troop. They will meet there, and in our parish hall so generously given by our good Pastor, Father Dwyer. The Handicraft room will be there too, and Betty's office. She needs one badly. The O'Briens are going to live there and many of our summer visitors will enjoy St. Joseph's hospitality . . . so we beg this time unashamedly. If you can't send the things themselves, perhaps you can send the money for them?

The chicken house is next on the list, and we will add to our bee yard one or two hives. The garden will be bigger this year too, as we have some extra space in St. Joseph's House. So we will be very busy folks from now on. Please pray for us.

### FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

I threw the book away and picked up a copy of Time. It just happened that I saw in this weekly a few paragraphs about Jack Lait, now managing editor of the New York Mirror. I wondered how Lait would have reacted to that "crusher" in French.

That Old Gang of Mine

In the days when I was learning to write for Chicago newspapers, Jack Lait was one of my heroes. There were others, of course, and their last names all began with the letter L, Hal Lytle, Jack Lawson, Dick Little, Ring Lardner, Ray Leek. I used to think I'd never be a great writer because my last name begins with a D. Dickens? He couldn't write like Lait or Lawson or Lytle or Little or Leek or Lardner. Neither could Dostoyevsky.

None of those old-timers, those still living, is, so far as I know, of the Catholic faith. And, for all I know to the contrary, they all may regard God as pure mathematics.

But I'll wager my next season's hay crop that any one of them could have written a real story out of St. Joan of Arc. Lait, at any rate, would make great drama of it.

No, you don't have to be

a Catholic to write the life of a saint. But it helps. And you don't have to have any great sense of drama in your make-up. But, Brother, how that helps!

### THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

DARKNESS . . . IF HELD HIGH ENOUGH . . . AND OUR ENEMIES MAY YET BECOME OUR FRIENDS . . . OUR BROTHERS IN CHRIST . . . IF WE LEARN HOW TO SHOW HIS FACE TO THEM IN OUR LIVES . . . AND HOW TO FILL THEIR HUNGER FOR THE BREAD OF LIFE AND THE LIVING WATERS OF TRUTH.

Yes many are the impressions I brought back from this lecture tour, but none so vivid as the impression of a great hungry multitude that you and I can "fill" . . . with hope . . . with faith . . . which is stronger than death.

Lord, humbly I pray that we, the children of Your love, not only conquer the children of darkness . . . but bring them home to You . . . restoring them in Your Son and our Lord, Christ, to their inheritance. Amen.

### TO BE WHAT WE SHOULD

(Continued from Page One)

Here he is present, in us, to help us to relive His passion and death. Christ living within us, hearing with our ears, seeing with our eyes, talking with our tongue, touching with our hands! Christ knowing and loving, Christ praying and singing, Christ suffering and dying in us! This is the wonder of which you want me to write.

ST. TIMOTHY &  
ST. PAUL



Too Much Effort!

We must first realize that this wonder goes on within us. That is the work of a lifetime. If only each day we would grow in this realization just a little, our lives would be eminently successful. But we are such slovenly creatures! The effort is too much, even though we delight to think of the results of such efforts.

Get busy. Don't think of tomorrow but only of today. The effort of today is not so bad if we do not think that it may have to be made again tomorrow. With real abandon, put the effort into every act, and you will really live.

The insistence is not on the Sacramental Presence in us, effected through Holy Communion, but rather on the abiding presence in the souls in the state of sanctifying grace. Wherever the Father and the Holy Ghost are, there is the Son also; and the presence of each of these Divine Persons has a purpose. The Son wants to continue in us the life He lived on earth. He came to give glory to God in the highest on earth. He did not wish for this glorification of our Father to end at His ascension.

#### The Life He Lived

He returns to earth at the sanctification of each soul, and in each soul so sanctified He takes up the life He lived on earth. It is something to contemplate. Would that we knew much more of this—that in the state of grace Christ makes each act of ours His own, so that it is not I who do these things but Christ and I. And it is not just in the formal religious acts but in every act.

Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever else we do, it is Christ Who eats or drinks, Who does all things in us. What a tremendous value our works thus acquire. No wonder He tells us to have confidence.

But first we must do all that is necessary to be in the state of grace. From there we must go on to making ourselves more and more conscious of the presence of Christ. This simplifies the way of sanctity.

Go that way, and pray that I do too.

## Death's Cross Fades In The Glory Of Dawn

(You may remember that a traffic cop stopped the author as he was doing sixty on his way to the shrine of the Little Flower. He explained he was hurrying to the shrine to pray for his dying wife. The cop sent him on his way. That was at Lima, N.Y. Only later, Tony remembered that his pal Blessed Martin de Porres had been born in Lima. It was Lima, Peru, not New York. But, just the same, he felt sure the Blessed Negro had softened that cop for him. The story continues.)

By Anthony Constable

The King's Highway leading into Windsor seemed deserted. As it was war time, even the gas stations were closed. My only companions were the stars. I felt more than lonely. I was always lonesome, away from Clara. Now I had a taste of the loneliness I would know in the future unless the good Lord took pity on us.

Night was turning into day and my twinkling pals were going to rest when, moving along Detroit's Woodward avenue, I saw, far off, the outline of the Crucifixion Tower of the Little Flower's shrine.

A thrill went through my tired and sleepy carcass. A little later, the sight of Father Charles Coughlin at the altar filled me with awe. When I received Holy Communion—what a delicious Banquet—my tiredness and loneliness left me. After Mass I asked Father to visit Clara and give her his blessing. But conditions made that impossible.

#### Saints Are Easy To Meet

At Delhi, Can., on the way back, I visited a church and became acquainted with St. John Brebeuf, one of the Jesuit martyrs, who has since become one of my favorite saints.

It was early morning when I got home. Clara and I both wept for the joy of being together again, though God only knew for how much longer. "I was afraid I'd die before you returned," she said. "I have a cancer, haven't I?"

A few days later new complications, a dropsical condition, attacked her.

Daily our cross became heavier. The saints seemed to have abandoned us. Two months had come and gone since I'd been told of Blessed Martin, but I had left him in the background. On Sunday, August 30th, the feast of St. Rose of Lima, as I was reading to Clara from the Victorian magazine, the words "social justice" caught my eyes. I read on. There it was, black on white. Blessed Martin was the patron of social justice!

#### St. Rose Takes a Hand

At long last I saw the light. St. Rose of Lima, contemporary and friend of the Dominican lay brother, had come to finish the work started by St. Anthony on his feast day—the work of making me appreciate Blessed Martin. He was born in Peru, Dec. 9, 1579, the article said, and went to his reward Nov. 3, 1639; and there was a perpetual novena offered in his honor every Tuesday at the Blue Chapel, in Union City, N.J. Now that I knew Martin's connection with social justice I lost no time writing Fr. Norbert Georges, O.P., head of the Blessed Martin

Guild in New York. I requested he start a novena for Clara's spiritual and physical welfare. This, at the earliest, would begin Sept. 8, the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, and it would end on Nov. 3, the anniversary of Blessed Martin's death. Exactly nine Tuesdays!

On the feast of the Nativity I drove her to the hospital for a checkup. I was admitted to the doctor's office while she waited with her mother and my mother. But the doctor would not see her. There was nothing he could do, he said. My heart burned. What could I tell Clara? I beckoned to Martin to come with me as I went out of the doctor's office to the lobby of the hospital. But neither of us could deceive her.

"I understand," she said. "I'm going to die."

#### She Smiles At Death!

I thought she'd break down, and, taking her in my arms, tried to console her. She braced up quickly. She smiled and suggested we stop somewhere for "a hot dog with mustard", which, of course, she could not eat.

The days grew shorter. Clara sat on the porch—she loved the sun—and would not leave until sundown. Like the summer she too was wasting away. But the swelling she had so dreaded had not returned since we received the Blessed Martin dust.

However, said the Jewish doctor who attended her, she could escape death only by a miracle.

"Miracles do happen," I told him. "And I've been living in the hope of seeing one. On the day Clara was to be X-rayed for the first time I saw a cross appear in the sky. I was praying. I continued to pray. The sun rose directly beneath the cross. For a brief moment it remained thus. Then the cross vanished."

#### Death Is But The Dawn

I explained that I looked upon the cross as a presage of death, and upon the sunrise as a miracle.

"I agree that the cross may mean death," the doctor said. "But the sunrise might mean the dawn of a day of eternal glory. Or, if you will, a resurrection." I marvelled at that.

On the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, Clara received Holy Communion for the last time. She went into a coma, and was unable to say the Rosary with us. But she felt much stronger on the 21st, and we prayed the Blessed Martin novena together. She then went into a deep slumber and rested peacefully for several hours.

At two o'clock she awoke in torment. I began the novena prayers and a strange feeling came over me. I knew that Martin was near. There were about ten of us in the room. I could hear my Clara answering the Paters and Aves. Her voice came clearly, up to the ninth-day prayer. Then her voice faded away. As if she had returned to sleep.

Suddenly her mother screamed and I knew my wife had gone into her last sleep, freed from this world of Suffering by Our Lady of Sorrows.

## TWO SIDE-LIGHTS ON COMBERMERE

Recently we acquired four new staff workers, including Betty Biggers, of St. Louis, a graduate nurse, and Peggy Gerth, of Racine, Girl Scout Leader, mistress of various arts and crafts, and a rattling good cook. We asked them what they thought of the odd life we live here; and this is what we wrote.

By Betty Biggers

There's beauty here—beauty that takes one's breath away, beauty of forests, mountains, rivers, starry nights, falling snow . . . The list could become very long. But the true beauty of Combermere and vicinity lies in the people, their simplicity, their directness, their friendliness.

They are true neighbors.

Nowhere else have I been so impressed by the helping hand extended to those in need—so quickly too.

Here are people just like the ones at home. In fact, as I write this I'm away from Madonna House, giving TLC to an old man of 79. (What's TLC? Why, tender loving care, nursing variety.) He's older than my father, but just like him!

He laughs at the same things, explodes at the same things. He will do—won't do just like him! Now how can one help giving him TLC?

It is true that here are the same problems as anywhere else in the world, the same joys and sorrows, health and ill-health, loves and hatreds. This little village is a chip off the old block.

To put it simply, the people are swell, the scenery is beautiful. Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here! Betty.

P.S. Should I have been quite serious? You all know about Friendship House and its apostolate, its spiritual life, intellectual life, community living, integration, the co-operation with the operation of Divine Charity. As one of the Jesuits at St. Louis put it—Operation Co-operation. Well, that's what we try to make it, anyhow.

(Editor's remarks—A gal can be quite serious, Betty, even when she's cheering a sick old man with wise cracks, TLC, and hypodermics; or when she's trying to give the folks at home an unserious picture of her serious apostolate to the injured and the sick. Flippancy sometimes covers great depths.)

By Peggy Gerth

Combermere is not merely a town in Canada. Combermere is a center. It is a center full and real, for Christ is here and has drawn all of my life to Himself.

Church, confession, Christ, confusion, Confirmation, courage, confidence, confession, Christ, confusion, Christ, courage, confidence, confession, Christ, confusion, conversation, Christ, courage, consciousness, college, chapel, Christ, Christian, color, coming, cord, Catherine, conversation, consciousness, Christ, Christian, center, circle, Christian, Canada, Combermere, Christ!

The circle I ran around, and sometimes ran around in. Sometimes I gave Christ the run-around, and came to be petted by Him only when I felt like it, or felt the need of Love. But now I stand and walk in the circle, in Christ I stand and walk; and life is so different. I stand in Love and am confident and strong, and know the truth of St. Paul's words, "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me." Christ, the center of all life. The center of the Circle.

I got here because Christ gave a tug on my cord; and when I turned to Him, He tied a visible one around my waist. I smiled and was joyful, and said "I love you." That was all. Only Christ's eyes smile, never His mouth. Only His eyes speak . . . "Follow Me."

What choice, when Love says, "Follow Me"? You might think you are dying, but you are wafted around and along and away by the Fiat of Mary, repeated in you . . .

Mary who controls the strength of the cord . . . Mary Immaculate who gives us our supernatural heritage . . . Mary who said "Yes"—so that Love was born.

Love said, "Follow Me"; and I followed to Combermere . . . Combermere where Christ dwells, where a house stands by a river, where mountains begin, where splendid suns rise, where glorious suns set, where great trees grow, where my spiritual father and mother live and love in a house where Christ dwells, a house that is called Madonna House.

Madonna House in Combermere is the visible center of a circle of Love.

## What Do YOU Think?

To the Editors: I have just read RESTORATION (Jan. 1949 issue) for the first time, and from my examination of that issue, I don't think the paper is fulfilling its function and aim—"for clarification of Catholic social thought." You have set up for yourselves a tremendous task, but, considering who the editors are, I am surprised you have not done a better job.

Mindful of the fact that I am skating on thin ice to criticize on the basis of one issue, you can decide if that issue was or was not representative of the publication.

The articles in the January issue were very personal and subjective—almost like personal letters. Tony's detailed exposition about his devotion to Bl. Martin, Catherine's ardent plea for spiritual directors, Eddie's conversation concerning the Alaskan missionary, and Father Dwyer's criticism of the bread-making companies—all were in a very personal vein. Only one had any slight degree of objectivity and that was "Catholic Action" by A. MacKinnon.

If the paper was meant to be an organ for the exchange of ideas concerning Friendship House activities, especially Madonna House, then it should not purport to be a reflection of Catholic Social Thought. For Catholic social thought has a much wider comprehension than merely FH (or any other SINGLE organization)—it has its roots in the social teachings of the Gospel, has developed through the centuries, and today can offer a blueprint for Christian living in every facet of modern life.

If your publication is ever to achieve significance as an organ of Catholic Social Thought it is necessary that you incorporate into it a comprehensive grasp of the many component parts that compose the ideal Catholic social order, and the many groups in this country that are working to achieve it. Therefore, the paper would report Catholic social theory and present-day Catholic social practice.

For Catholic social theory you might enlist the services of Fr. Furfey, Fr. George Higgins, Fr. Cantwell, to name a few. And Restoration could be a grand clearing ground for news about the various organizations—YCS, YCW, Rural life apostolate, the interracial apostolate, etc., and the work of many publications—INTEGRITY, CONCORD, CATHOLIC WORKER, TODAY, VIVANT.

Then Restoration could truly be the voice of ALL who have chosen to be Christ's active apostles, and would graphically illustrate the close affinity (despite differences) that exists between those who are working to restore all things in Christ. In Him, Dorothy Harrold, Chicago.

## HOMESPUN

By Alberta Schumacher

I always think of Matt Lauder in February, that being the month containing Valentine's Day, a day for hearts; and surely Matt Lauder has a big enough heart to pass around to our readers.

First off, Matt lives alone, to a degree. Rumor has it that there was a romance, but she died. He bought a little red brick schoolhouse that sold for a song—and a few hundred dollars—just before the Second World War. He fixed it up into a modest dwelling, and went to work tilling his acre of ground. "God's Acre," he called it. He didn't farm as most people in this country do. He wouldn't have gotten much off of just an acre if he had.

He farmed intensively instead of extensively as most of the big farmers do, racing around on a tractor over anywhere from 100 to 300 acres of ground. Matt planted onions, lettuce, and radishes. When these were harvested he worked the ground a second time and planted beans. And so on until the snow flew, always being careful to enrich his soil as he did so.

Can, Can, Can

He bought himself a pressure cooker and a canning book, and he canned each successive crop, peas, beans, corn, tomatoes, pickle relish, carrots, and mixed vegetables for soup. He made strawberry jam in June from his little bed of berries, and there were currants for jelly, and gooseberries for preserves in season. Oh, Matt was a busy old boy. He reaped honey from his dozen hives of bees, too.

He had so much canned goods sitting around he hardly had room to live. He had to take time out to do a little carpentering, build shelves for all his cans of food. People kidded him, told him he had enough canned to last him for the next ten years. But come February his cupboard was as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's, and why? Remember, I told you Matt is the biggest-hearted man I know.

Well, sir, he started handing out a can of this, a can of that to the people he thought needed it. He got so he would tuck a jar of honey or preserves in his jacket when he went to town. The minute he spotted a child who looked ragged and under-privileged out came the preserves or honey. A ten year supply of food for one man maybe, but not for a whole neighborhood, a whole town!

Not Really Alone

Poor Matt? Because he had to start buying at the store in spite of all his hard work the summer before? Matt is the happiest man living alone you ever saw.

Because of course he isn't really alone. A stranger, he has made friends of a whole community. Childless, he has more children come to visit him than the father of a family of twelve all blessed with an equal number of progeny! He is the perfect example of live alone and like it, with everybody else's family in on the deal.

And he made all these friends the very first year, away back before the second war. Every year has been the same since. Matt works just as hard every summer, and by February his cupboard is always bare. But he's not hungry in his heart! A lot of lonely people could take a lesson from Matt. You don't have to give vegetables and fruit, all neatly canned. You can give away smiles, kind words, cheerful greetings. All of these generously given will bring the same results—friends! Best of all, "God's Acre," Matt calls his little plot of ground. Remember, "dust thou art . . . etc." We are "God's Acres," too.

you won't even run out of these by February. The more you give away the more you have to give.

## LAITY FORGIVES

(Continued from Page Two)

But what WILL SCANDALIZE them almost beyond forgiveness are the faults, the weakness and the sins of PETER IN YOU. For better or for worse they identify you with the Church. It is almost useless to try to change this opinion of theirs, for it is so firmly rooted in their minds, which are not enlightened by theology and philosophy, as to be permanent.

Add a Million More

Should you ever become hardened to the voice of God's justice; should you become indifferent and complacent about the social ills of the world and of your flock; should you refuse to see their tragic plight; should you become aloof and apart from them; should you select for your friends the rich and the powerful, and uphold the social status-quo though it brings misery and sorrow to millions; should you be unapproachable and have "OFFICE HOURS" on your parish door; should you be unwilling to fight for the down-trodden; should you deny interracial justice; should you consider that being a priest means to uphold a certain standard of living, and not be like unto Christ who had nowhere to lay His Head — THEN YOU WILL INDEED SCANDALIZE MEN . . . AND THROW MANY OF THEM. YOU WHO PROFESS TO BE THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST. AND HIM CRUCIFIED INTO THE ARMS OF COMMUNISM.

I have mentioned but a few points I know you can add a million more to mine.



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